CHAPTER II.

TOTICHY "SURPRISES" MR.

before he redeemed his word. At last, after

a week of alternate devotion and spubbi-

insist upon your taking care of your-self, and I shall order you a fire and a

doctor."

I struggled to my feet and answered quickly. "You may order me a coach and four if you like. Don't be afraid—I will

never too busy to let me come into his office. He even let me pound pills and wash out bottles, and dust his instruments. Sometimes, when Mrs. Katesby was tired, I used to see to his breakfast, and even when he discovered that I made the toast I was not forbidden. It seemed to me me that no one had ever been so kind to me.

At last I was well enough to go to New York for my May engagement. The evening before I was to start I sat up for the doctor. Mrs. Katesby had kissed me and told me to. I went wondering about touching

"Yes-down right miserable." I an He laughed only softly, but I felt hurt,

you remember we are friends? "Yes," said L

Then the nightly swoon, after it was all of fire. Then the nightly swoon, after it was all over, and being lifed into the carriage which the management provided as a matter of business. And through it all—Mr. Ned doing everything.

Mr. Ned! Mr. Ned, to whom I clung in dumb gratitude for his kindness, in spite of the nightmare of what he had told me, and kept on telling me. I was so afraid the month came. That night I played so well month came. That night I played so well

month came. That night I played so well

one is hungry. You can't go on brutally eating partridge while a man tells you he has despair in his heart and a louded pistol in his pocket—can you?"

The doctor was not amused. "Do you care for any of these fellows?" he asked

suddenly.

For my life I could not tell the truth: don't know," I answered sulkily. Then all at once I cried: "Do you care for your

Copyright, 1889. All rights reserved.

Anticipating the Bereavement.

family, Elijah? Uncle Elijah-No, sah; I ain't had b'rea-

family.

Uncle Elijah—No, sah, dat ban' was on de hat when the gen'lemen give it to me, an' I didn't know when I mought have 'ca-sion ter go inter mawnin' so I done let' it

DRESSES AND HATS.

Airs and Graces Interestingly Described by Shirley Dare.

SUMMER FABRICS FOR THE FAIR.

RED FACES AND HOW TO CORR THEM

Black lace dresses have been worn in and out of season, from the time the swallow dared and took the winds of March with beauty. The consequence is, by com-mon consent they are laid aside, to let the dust flow out, and give the eyes a rest from their stringiness. The corded Escurial and heavier laces prove do many nets to hold the dust and take a rusty look, while the large mesh fisher net looks clear and quietly dressy, with borders of inch ribbons run on the foot and up the side width. With such dresses a small poke or broader bat of black crinoline, the old-fashioned Neopolitan braid, looks pretty, trimmed with a scarf of black net, and bow of fancy black ribbon, which, with its seven loops and notched ends, four yards is not too much. Narrow sash ribbon of plain soft gros grain is used for trimming, in loops which nearly cover the hat, and require or admit nothing else, unless a quill feather of the same color.

must be washed as often as once a week the warm season through to keep it silky, as it grows stiff with imperceptible dust settled on the rings of the hair, if neglected, causing a difference in the shade of color.

Address communications for this depart 644-AN OLD PROVERS ILLUSTRATED [Copyright, 1889, by E. R. Chadbourn.]

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

Home Cracking.

For two bullets made holes in the piace of his And a big bomb-shell blew out his brain.

Pass on, gentle reader, and shed not a tear, Lot the sad sigh of grief be repressed; But tell me: What proverb (sometimes desmed Does his napless condition suggest?

645-TEDDY'S FOURTH. Our four-year-old Ted was so anxious He really grew quite impatient That it came only once in a * *

He began to prepare for it long Ere anyone else—back in * * * * ... We'd laugh as he'd ask every day, "Say, Mammal won't it be here * * * His pin-wheels and rockets were ready. The fire-crackers in bunches • • • • His nickels and cents he'd been saving For this purpose for months, the dear • •

Remembered a little from last year His brothers had told him the * * He expected this year to enjoy it, So he had prepared with a * * * *.

At last we grew tired of his asking:
I thought I would tell him once * * 1
took the painted calendar cards
And told him when it came to * * * *. Just five days from then, it would be here He watched the cards lift up and * * * I thought that he now understood it.
And said, "Now he's on the right * * * *

Ted's fire-crackers lay in a smoking heap The matches were still in his "He looked up at me and shouted, "O, ma It's the Fourth of July, ain't it " "

When told of his mistake he pointed up To the calendar on the * *;
"There's four on top, so what is wrong?"
He had torn off the cards—that was Well: he found what a binned.
The Fourth cannot be hurried.
He'll his rockets and firecrackers savo
And wait till it comes, the next.

EVANGELINE Well! he found what a blunder he'd mad

676-BOTANICAL PRIGMA The whole of 117 letters is a stanza address 38, 24, 109, 31, 44, 8, 81, 117, 39, 2, 16, 8, 16, 1s perennials.
50, 33, 27, 42, 79, 14, 4, 38, 86, 9, 62 or lonicera, is a twining shrub, also called woodbine,
67, 89, 58, 6, 38, 112, 85, 32, 18, 95, 18, is a
specie of gnaphalium, the most beautiful of the
everlastings.
10, 9, 4, 78, 30, 19, 57, 105, 9, 2, or composite,
is a successful of contantes, of the composite family,
47, 51, 94, 83, 17, 12, 66, 75, 70, 41, or oxalis, a
genus of the geranium family,
35, 88, 34, 81, 108, 38, 101, 61, 116, 77, is a twining vine and genus of acanthus,
28, 30, 55, 98, 48, 11, 22, 56, 46, is a species of taraxacum, producing yellow flowers from spring to autumn. 38, 80, 115, 82, 92, 25, 52, 64, 106, is a species of iberis, a genus of the mustard family.
1, 28, 78, 162, 72, 21, 78, 98, or berberis, is a shrub

monarda, a genus of the mint family.

23, 103, 60, 40, 55, 22, 100, 16, 13, or pelargon
ums, are shrubby plants of house and summe garden culture. 16, 110, 49, 63, 11, 42, 87, 15, 2, is parasitic on the branches of trees, and much used for Christmas branches of trees, and hand of the decoration.

54, 37, 58, 7, 97, 74, 110, 9, or narcissus, producting double vellow flowers in early spring.

82, 99, 29, 69, 107, 45, 96, or cornel, is a small tree flowering in late spring.

71, 6, 65, 11, 2, 113, is the principal genus of the order viola; also the name of a color.

28, 84, 116, 104, 98, or bellis, is a genus of the composite family.

Maggir M'Lkan,

647-ANAGRAM. The study of far eastern tongues
Engages many minds,
And eastern lands, and eastern art,
Man interesting finds.
You'll find it profitable, too,
These eastern lands to scan;
Their ancient lore to understand,
"O learn iff" if you can.

648-A STRANGE TRANSPORMATION

I saw a man walk down the street, He looked to be quite happy and gay; At once, from out his heart there jumps A rodent, which scampered away.

Of course he fell: I went to him, And quickly turned his head around, Then placed it by his other part, And was surprised that a State I had found

649_HOUR GLASS. 1. Great abundance. 2. Profund. 2. aming to or derived from obic acid. 4. A b. Before. 6. A letter. 7. Keen resentmen splendor. 2. A scholar. 10. Assiduous. Spiendor, & A.
Discountenanced.

Discountenanced.

Discountenanced.

Discountenanced.

Discountenanced.

Authorized by an example of a like kind. Left to right up. Disagreements. CENTRALS. Up. Covered trenches, below the surface of the ground, with joints, interstices or openings, through which the water may percolate from the soil of the soil of the water may percolate from the water may per

650-THE MEANEST BIRD. Among the birds that pipe or thrill In grassy vale or wooded hill, There lives not one upon the wing So poor a fowl, so mean a thing. As one that lives in town.

The owls may boot, the nighthawks scree The whip-poor-will may ape our speech, The crow may scream his scornful caw, But none are like this human daw,

He dons a gaudy coat and vest,
And thinks himself quite finely dressed
To show himself from door to door,
Who mostly he is deemed to bore,
And greeted with a frown.

You cannot oust him out of sight, He will pop in, as old friends might, O, tell him go, and till the soil, As does an honored son of toll, Or honest country clown.

ANSWERS.

636—The letter I. P-i-late, p-i-rate, p-i-l wra-i-th. 638—I. Snow-flakes. 2. Shoe-galls, 3. camp. 4. Pirate, frate. 5. The letter A. Police, 7. The letter X. 3. L-ink. 3. No 10. Eyes, 11. Mis(s)-count. 12. Palm. 637—Rock-rent.

640-Summer is here. 2 The enigm 641—Unite, untie. 642—H-allowed, allowed, all owed O owed, H, ha, Hal, hall, hallo, hallow, Ed. 663—Poverty.

-M. Sopinard, the great French anth-ologist, has been led by the shape of the ones of the "men of Spy" to the coucles

to spoil you. But I'll surprise you some Touch; made my life a burden for month

tiveness, he hauled me out for a walk. As we reached the country, he became festive

haven't enough control of you. I have made up my mind that I must secure at to pain through me. Please understand, Ernest, and don't let's talk of this any more once the sole management of you."
I thought I saw a way out, and I asked, "Do you want-to-star me,

He said he hadn't thought of it, but indulgently, that he would see next year. Then he jerked my head up and was going to kiss me. I fell in a limp mess away from him and against the fence, whereat he said severely: "Come, Katie, don't be foolish. Having just asked you to marry me, I ought to have some rights."

I declared that he hadn't, and that I

I declared that he hadn't, and that a wouldn't stand it.

"Never having done it before," said he with dignity, "I was perhaps not clear, but I did the best I could, Miss Tempest, and I certainly ought to kiss you."

"Oh, Touchy!" wailed I, beginning to mivel, "what an awful thing."

"Not when you're used to it," he returned chearily again preparing to kiss me. cheerily, again preparing to kiss me.

His serene confidence enraged me. I stamped my foot, crying how did he know I wanted to marry him.

wanted to marry him.

"Because," said he, in a blood-curdling way, "you have encouraged me."

He said "encouraged" with ten-horse power of emphasis and conviction. I be ame panic-stricken.
"No, no," I cried, "I haven't and never

meant to. Oh, dear, and oh, dear!" Touchy seemed gradually to catch the ides. "Do I understand, Miss Tempest," said he in an awe-stricken tone, "that you do not "Not the least in the world," I cried,

"Not the least in the world," I cried,
"and please don't call me Miss Tempest.
I'm awfully fond of you, Touchy, but I'd
rather die than marry you. Don't be angry,
but you'd make an awful husband, you
know, Touchy."

He contradicted this indignantly, and
launched out into a lecture against barefaced coquetry and impudence, which I, with tearful vehemence, contested. Half-way home I ventured in a miserable, choked voice: "Please, Touchy, be friends and for-

'Never." he roared, "never! You have blighted my life, cut short my career, and led me on to destroy me. I shall drown myself, and it will be your fault, Miss Tempest."
"No, indeed, you won't," I urged anx-

iously, remembering Bennie Shine; "you'll get over it, really."

But he said he wouldn't, except in a watery grave, and at my door extended his hand, saying: "Farewell forever!" I reminded him of the theater, but he shook his head solemnly and made a motion with his arm as if swimming, whereat I broke down crying. He at once put his arms close about me, and asked me in a

voice dripping with tenderness. "Katie, don't you love me some?" My face was smothered against his coat, but I managed to shake my head violently. As soon as he felt it he put me at arms length from him so suddenly that my head nearly fell off. After a perplexed pause he

"I asked you too quick," he said, "that's told me not to fret and departed whistling

cheerfully.

From that day I was waylaid at all tim and places, and asked if I hadn't changed my mind; or he would stand in corners and my mind; or he would stand in corners and intimidate me by making that swimming motion. Often, before everyone, he would break into homilies against my sex, denouncing us all as flirts. Finally to crown all, he got a cough. I used to take his breakfast up to him, explaining each time that only my regard for a sick human being made me do it, and getting egg shells thrown at me. Then he assured me, coughing feightfully that he decreament. ing frightfully, that he had consumption Right on top of that he swore if I didn't change my mind he would spit a quart of blood then and there. I bolted down the hallway calling for a doctor. Once he drew a dreadful picture of my despairing regret if he should die and I had never kissed him. I felt so badly that I knelt right on the forebead. "Hang that," was all the thanks I got; "what good is that to a fellow?" Afterward, however, he quoted the kiss as a clear case of leading him on to

destroy him.
I told much of this to Mr. Ned, storming. when he laughed, that above all things I hated love and anyone who loved me. "Suppose I should?" he asked. "You're

so fascinating."

I ignored the sarcasm and said with dignity: "You wouldn't be so wicked. You're married."
"Yes," said he.

CHAPTER III.

LOVERS AND PRIENDS. It was a relief to reach Boston and my old

home at my aunt's. I had not been there for years. The boys had grown to men, and they were all agreeable to me without tormenting me after the manner of Touchy, I anticipated two weeks of peace and happy ness. There was hardly time for them all. Bright Hale had grown rich, and had goodness knows how many turnouts and a yacht beside. Ernest Marvel, the boy I had cared best for at school, was now tall and hand some. He was a member of clubs, had con pert tickets and art tickets, and there was no moment of my day for which he had not some plan. Then Harry Blake owned a

big store, and so on—and so on. My head kept buzzing all the time. Bright saw the most of me. He had a breezy way of monopolizing one, and beside breezy way of monopolizing one, and beside he was just starting on a business trip to California. The last Friday of my stay he went away. He shook hands, kissed my cheek, airily reminded me that I was his best girl forever, and that I might use his carriage as often as I wished. Sunday Ernest called. I rushed down to

the parlor complaining that I thought my self forgotteu.
"No, I couldn't forget you, even a mir nte." Ernest said somberly. A queer little chill went down my back, but I dismissed it. "I thought," he went on harshly, "you would be in mourning for Bright."
"He's not dead," I returned stupidly; "I

"He's not dead," I returned stupidly; ashall see him again."
"I suppose so," Ernest answered and fell into heavy silence, which he presently broke by a flow of light talk quite unlike his usual way. I complained of it, and, since he did not mend, I cried: "If you can't talk like yourself, you shan'ttalk at all," and he calmith hearn playing light and break. forthwith began playing jigs and break-downs on the piano, till he stopped his walk up and down, saying hoarsely: "For heaven's sake, don't!"

"Aren't you rather imperative and en phatic?" questioned I. He seemed sorry, and asked meekly: When do you go?" When you like-this minute, for in-He seemed hurt and explained gravely

that he meant to ask when did I leave the oity. "To-morrow morning-9 o'clock," I an-He resumed his walk. I moved restlessly and sighed heavily and made my discontent as ostentations as possible, till he mid: "I know, Katie, but I have so much to tell you, and the time is short. I am afraid to say it at all, but I cannot let you go without speaking. That's it! Your going—it tears my heart out, and I can think only of the

I got a dreadfully solemn feeling. From some inspiration right from my heart I walked over to him, and laying my hand as near his shoulder as I could reach I said in wared over to him, and taying my dand as ware reached the country, be became festive and sang: "In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of l—l—love—a!"

Said I, stupidly: "Spring isn't till next month."

Touchy returned beamingly: "I'm not going to wait till next month. I'm going to tell you now."

Mis eyes were very shiny, and he looked quite serious. A cold chill went down my back. I felt that something awful was going to happen.

"You are a nice girl," said Touchy, as if beginning a long speech. "You are young. So am I. But we'll get over that. You are frivolous, but I can cure that. As it is, I haven't enough control of you. I have deed I haven't, except so much as can ache with regret if anyone for whom I care comes

> -please, please, for my sake!"
>
> I had been hurried on by some frightened I had been hurried on by some frightened impulse. It seemed to me that it would be the saddest thing in the world if Ernest should change. The tears were in my eyes at the thought. His face softened and gleamed as if from an inward light. He clasped his hands over mine that was pushed against him, and bending kissed my fingers. Then he answered: "I know, Katie, you are warning me. Out of your gentle heart you are trying to save me the pain of the mistake which, for all that, I must make. It is too late and I must go through with it, mistake or not. Do you think I could see you as I have and my heart not grow about you till only you are there, and will you tell me there is no hope for me? I am a big fellow, and I don't know much about how one should ask such things, but it is humble enough, is it not? if I put my knee to the ground—so—and lifting my arms only to

ground-so-and lifting my arms only to touch your hands, tell you that I love youtouch your hands, tell you that I love you—I love you.—I love you."

He turned his face with a sort of sob against my dress. I slid, a limp, miserable wreck, into the chair behind me, and began stupidly rubbing his head, while I said, more or less, that I was so sorry, that for the world I would not give him pain, but that I knew I should be a wicked girl if I did not honestly tell him the truth. He stood unsteadily asking: "And that is?"

"That I do not love you the least in the world more than I always have," I made answer, crying softly; that—oh, forgive me,

answer, crying softly; that—oh, forgive me, Ernest—I know I never shall feel for you as some day I expect to feel for the man I

shall marry."

He took me close in his arms, kissing my forchead and cheek and eyelids. His lips were cold. Then he put me from him, saying vaguely: "Goodby!"
"No, no, Ernest," I cried, "you must not go that way. You must care for me as you always have—as I care for you, and always will. Our dear friendship must not be broken up. I caunot spare it—I will not.

You will forget that you ever felt like this."
"Do you think so?" he asked, and his eyes had such a look of somber pain in them that I felt as if I were murdering him. All could do was to turn angry.
"Have I no rights?" I cried; "how can you take from me a friendship I have never

you take from me a friendship I have never forfeited, the sincerest. deepest proof of which I have just given? I never wanted you to love me, and I won't have it, I won't give you up. I hate people to love me. Why could you not be nice, and fond of me, as Bright Hale is, and stay so?"

At the name his face darkened. "Had

A discreet rustle at the door, and Mary entered. "Mr. Hale, miss," she said, and in walked Bright. Ernest broke into laugh-

"You see!" he said, and then to Bright: "Good luck, old fellow. I am just leav-

ing."
I lifted my hand in protest against his bitter implication, and with a hurried greeting to Bright, followed Ernest to the door, saying: "Please forget it all and be trienda." He drew a long breath, that made me feel his heart was breaking, and "Let me say once more that I love you. I shall have no right soon."
"Where are you going?" I whispered in

miserable anticipation.
"To the back bay, I suppose," he turned harshly. "Never mind me—go to Bright. Good-by," and he was gone. I stood a moment in the hallway. Was ever a girl so unlucky as I, or anything so

wearing or worrying as a man's love? Then I hurried into the parlor. "I thought you half way to California," I said, reaching out my hands.
"I was half way to Chicago," said Bright, "I was half way to Chicago," said Bright, and then paused. His eyes were gleaming, his voice quite new, I shivered a little, and stood staring anxiously at him. "I was hulf way to Chicago when I found I had some-

thing to say to you, and —"

I broke wildly to the other end of the room behind a chair, saying: "Don't you do it! I won't have it!" "You've got to, Katie," he returned stead-ily; "I should have spoken before I went away, but at least I have come back all this

way to say it!"
"You shall not," I interrupted again. "I
won't hear it. Haven't I been holding you up as a shining example, and swearing by you? What have I done to deserve all this, anyhow?" and I stamped one foot after the

"You have been yourself-that's all Kat that ever breathed. You have looked at me from two of the clearest blue eyes that ever won a man's heart. You have spoken from two lips that are sweeter to look at than any

lips in the world—you —"
"I have not! I've got two eyes and a nose and a mouth, like any other girl. I'm like any one else, and I don't deserve to be treated so. Go home before you say anymore. I won't hear it!"

"Kate, darling, you must hear it. A man takes no such trip as I have to be set aside without hearing. I leave to be set aside

without hearing. I love you as no one else can. I am rich—you shall have everything von went -" "I don't want it," I put in breathlessly. "Then you needn't have it," he replied without pause, and going on as if I had not spoken. "I love you from the tip of the curl on your forehead, through every pink finger to the sole of your tiny shoes, and I

finger to the sole of your tiny shoes, and I will be answered."

"My shoes are not tiny. I wear sevens—sevens, do you hear; and I haven't heard a word you've said. I told you I wouldn't."

"Then," said he, somehow setting aside the chair, and holding me fast in his arms, "I will say it again. I love you from the top of your head to the sole of your foot, of both feet, and I want the right to go on loving you more and more." I was being kissed on hair and eyes and lipa. I struggled free. "To think that you, of all persons, should so ill use me."

"No, no," urged Bright anxiously; "but think, a man is only a man, and you give me no answer. I can be humble, if you like," and he was at my feet.

like," and he was at my feet. "Oh get up, get up! I won't stand it," and I thought of Ernest. "I have been answering ever since you came. I do not love you, I never will, I never will—never—oh dear!"

"Be careful, Kate. Don't speak too harshly. A man's heart and life are of some value. I deserve some considera-tion." "Oh, Bright," I begged, beginning to cry, "do not love me. You should see I have no heart. I care only for friends. Soon as a man loves me I hate him. Be my friend, Bright. I want one so. I am as nice as I ever was for a friend. I have not changed." "But I have changed," said he, locking his hands behind him. "I can no longer see you but that my heart leaps to hold you in my arms forever. Yes, I have changed. The light of your eyes puts me on fire. The touch of your hand will make me forget even your own command. Tell me to stay and I will be gentle and never forget till I have won you; but ask me to stay as your friend, and I —""
"Oh, I know," I interrupted; "you will shoot yourself, won't you? Because I offer

"Oh, I know," I interrupted; "you will shoot yourself, won't you? Because I offer you all I have for you, and stick to the truth that I have no more, I am to be hollered at like that, and off you march to the devil. Aren't you ashamed? I never asked you to love me, did I? Why should I get all the blame of it? Why must we always be bullied by the men who pretend to care for us?"

His face turned gray. "You dare not speak so to me," he whispered hoarsely, his head sinking between his shoulders as he looked at me, and his eyes gleaming savagely.

savagely.
I was so frightened that I could make no move at all when he seemed ready to crush the life from me, and could not take my

the life from me, and could not take my eyes from his, angry and cruel as they were. He must have seen how afraid I was, for of a sudden he loosed me, calling himself in a miserable, shamed way a brute.

I would not let him turn away, and I said in an eager tumble of words: "Please, Bright, look at me. You can see I don't love you, can you not? First make sure of that. Then be kind and generous and good, and don't you throw me off. I cannot lose all my friends."

all my friends."
"Ernest, too," said he, the thought just coming to him.
Then he lifted my face and looked at me.
I was not afraid, but when I could not see any more for tears I asked again: "Be friends, Bright."
He deer a learn hearth and with the said of t

friends, Bright."

He drew a long breath, and said: "You're a brave little girl, Kate." After a moment he went on: "So everyone is falling in love with you and bothering your life out? Well, at least I won't do that. I'll—I'll be friends, Kate." The words came slowly, and his lips, al-

though he smiled, were so white that I hastened to show how much I appreciated his goodness.
"Thank you—thank you," I said, adding earnestly: "I love you more for that than ever I did before." His face twitched and he said, smiling

His face twitched and he said, smiling again: "It would be kind to choose your words better, Kate." Then after a long stare at me, he said with complete return to his old manner: "Good-by, Kate." I must get away from you now, but don't think any more of this. Only remember, no matter how many lovers you have, you've one friend."

"Thank you, Bright," I said, again laughing aloud from happiness.

He made a face half comic and half serious. "Don't laugh. I'm going to shoot

ous. "Don't laugh. I'm going to shoot myself, may be. That's what they all do, "Or drown themselves," I observed meekly, "or—go to the devil."

"All right, I'll take my choice when I get out. Good-by, Kate."

I stood on a hassock, reached my arms about his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks, saying gratefully: "You have been awfully kind to me, Bright, and indeed I'm very thankful."

very thankful ' "Well, you ought to be," he assented grimly. Wringing my hand he said another cheery "good-by. Remember your friend," and was gone.

I sighed a big sigh. Ah! how much nicer friendship was than anything else, I thought,

gratefully. CHAPTER IV. A COMPLICATION OF PEVER. Rehearsal. A bitter March day. Theate At the name his face darkened. "Had Bright asked you, your answer would have been different," he said, doggedly.

I gave a small scream of rage "Oh! would it? Please let me tell you Bright would not do such a thing. He is too kind to repay a girl for a friendship, which has lasted nearly as long as she has, by falling in love with her, and then throwing her off as you propose doing. Bright Hale would not do so cruel, unkind, unnecessary, dreadful, disastrous a thing as loving me. He — ""

At the name his face darkened. "Had dribling through ventilators in the roof. Sweepers shouting to each other from where they were covering the chairs with white cloths. Everybody cross, and with reason. Called at 10, we had waited a good half hour for Mr. Butcher and his leading lady. The day before I had come two minutes late to find the entire company assembled. Mr. Butcher watch in hand, pacing the stage, and Miss Loowella shivering ostentationally in her furs. Mf. Butcher had infull of draughts. One gas jet. Daylight

> minutes late was unheard of, and that probably I had caused Miss Loowella to take cold. Said I now to Mr. Ned, who sat be me on a roll of carpet: "When they come I

isly in her furs. Mr. Butcher had in-

formed me that such a thing as being two

shall tell him they have probably caused me to take cold." Just then he strode in with Miss Loc wella at his heels. He was in an ill humor. "Come, come, come, come!" said he in crescendo. "Let's get to work. No standing around. A chair for Miss Loowella. Ned, where are your manners? A chair!" Ned, who off the stage would have knocked a man down for such a tone, obeyed sullenly. Butcher got crosser and crosser, and it all fell on me. It is hard to do a comedy scene all bundled in a closk and

scared to death beside. "Hang it," he roured, "take it off."

I wondered I had not thought of that be-I wondered I had not thought of that before and hustled out of the garment; but I
was still stupid, and presently began to cry.
"What are you sniveling for?" Butcher
demanded hoarsely. "One would think me
a brute. You should be in Siberia, with a

man with a whip after you."

I laughed that it was cold as Siberis, and that I shouldn't mind the whip if only with it he could make me understand what he wanted. 'Are you a fool?" he inquired. "Are you a fool?" he inquired.

"No," I retorted, "not quite, and what intelligence I have is concentrated on trying to make out your meaning. If you would direct your giaht mind to expressing yourself clearly we should get along. There!" and I stamped my foot and waited for Butcher to plunge over and murder me, wondering if Mr. Ned or Touchy would do to say a me

dare save me.

Butcher didn't plunge, though. He muttered something about insolence, and turned so abruptly that he collided with Touchy.

"Don't run into me, sir," he roared. Touchy was in a temper over the bullying of me, and he roared back: "I didn't!"

"You did." "You're a liar," they both retorted simul-taneously, springing at each other. Some-one caught each of them, and presently Touchy was getting his fur coat and hat on.

Touchy was getting his fur coat and hat on. Then he crossed to me, and said, under his breath: "If you want to leave this fellow, I'll take you safe to New York."

"No, no," I cried, and begged him to stay. But he meant his "Good-by," for when we got to the hotel he had denarted, bag and baggage. It was two years before I saw him again. Then we met in a railway station. He rushed to me, jerked my head back, and cried: "Bless my heart, its Katie." With that he tucked me under his arm, and pranced with me into the ladies' waiting room.

waiting room.

"Katie, here's my wife," he said, beaming all over at a wee, blue-eyed thing. "I'm happy as a king," Touchy wenton; "though Birdy here doesn't let me call my soul my

happy as a king, "Louchy wenton; "though Birdy here doesn't let me call my soul my own.

I shook hands cordially with Birdy, feeling glad that Touchy had not drowned himself prematurely for me.

Now let us regain those two elapsed years. May be the rehearsal gave me a cold. May be it was griet for Touchy. But the next week I developed a cough that went down button by button of my bodice till it reached my belt. There it hurt awfully. I grew feverish, and could not see very clearly, nor move without being tired. I thought myself lazy, and laughed a great deal and was noisy to cover it up. Only Mr. Ned noticed it. He quietly emptied my bag into his, that mine might be light. He helped me up and downstairs, and into cars, and took my part when I was blamed for frivolity. To make things worse, Miss Loowella slipped away to New York to buy dresses for our Philadelphis week, and I was left with her part to do through two weeks of one-night-stands. Toward the end of the time I became so wobbly that I could not sand except on the stage.

One day Mr. Ned carried me upstairs, and found me in a dead faint when he got to my room. When I came to he said

angrily: "I shall permit this no longer. "Can't afford it," I returned cheerily.
"Besides, what's the good of seeing a doctor for laziness?"
"I will pay."
"You'd be compressined." I chiested.

"I will pay."

"You'd be compromised," I objected.

"And I shall order you a fire."

"Can't afford it," I said again fretfully.
He looked at me in a queer earnest way, and then turned sharply from the room.

Presently our business manager, a prosperous looking fellow with a suave manner and a big diamond pin, came in.

"I understand you are not well, Miss Tempest," he said softly, "and that you refuse to have a fire. I will order one."

My face blazed as I answered shortly: "I will have nothing I can't afford, thank you."

"You don't understand," he insisted sweetly. "Miss Loowella is not due for several days. If you fail to play, the thea-ter closes. I must therefore as a business

four if you like. Don't be afraid—I will pay—only, when Miss Loowella returns, I hope then I may be allowed to die if I like without being insulted."

Our genial manager said soothingly that I had an awful temper, and softly left the room. I lay on the sofa, crying, and feeling very small and lonesome. I was all over tears when Mr. Ned brought the doctor in the said strong looking. He

over tears when Mr. Ned brought the doctor in. He was young and strong looking. He laid a vigorous hand on my wrist, pushed my hair back in a womanly fashion, and said quietly: "A very sick girl. She must go to bed and stay there."

"Oh, no she mustn't," said I. "If she fails to play the theater closes. So she can't go to bed."

"But your life, child."

"Think of the theater," I answered, adding earnestly. "One must do her duty, mustn't she, doctor?"

He looked at me seriously and kindly. Then he said I must do as I thought right. He mixed some stuff in glasses from his case, gave Mr. Ned a lot of instructions, said he would see me in Philadelphia, where was his home, and departed with a parting admonition to me to take such care of myself as I could.

parting admonition to me to take such care of myself as I could.

"How can he be here if he lives in Philadelphia?" I asked crossly, for being sick seemed to spoil my temper.

"He visits here to lecture at a medical college," Mr. Ned explained absently.

I lay back, remembering how firm and kind his hands had been. Then things blurred and my eyes shut up. I came from my half swoon to find Mr. Ned kneeling beside me with his arms across me.

"Kåtie, Katie!" he was saying brokenly, "don't be ill—for my sake."

"Katie, Katie!" he was saying brokenly,
"don't be ill—for my sake."

I thought him very kind, and laid my
hand over his saying, gratefully: "How
good you are; I'm only lazy—don't mind.
Whatever should you cry for?"

He hid his face in the folds of the shawl about my throat, and said, over and over

about my throat, and said, over and over again:

"God help me, I love you—I love you!"
I struggled with the heavy stupidity which fever laid upon me, saying it was all a dream, and not true—not true. Then, when I felt his lips hot and eager on my throat and hands and eyes, I pleaded that he must not, and that I was very ill, whereat he dragged himself away.

For a long time everything was a miserable confusion. Weary staring days, rush-

For a long time everything was a miserable confusion. Weary staring days, rushing cars, noise and light always. A questioning each morning if I thought I could play at night, and a dogged answer always, "Yes." Awful times at the theater, dragging into dresses that each night had to be tightened over the shoulders to keep them from slipping off; waiting in the wings sure that I could neither hear my one nor move when I did; then a merry rush on, my voice sounding strange and my laugh like another person's and the line of footlights wavering up and down so fast that I seemed to be dancing before a wall of fire.

Then to see you.

He held out his hand. It was just what a friend would do, of course. I put first one hand and then the other into it. Then, as he closed his over both, I bent and kissed it good to me. Please, please don't forget me."

When I get up stair I lead done and the standard of the course of the standard of the course of the standard of the course of the cou

kept on telling me. I was so afraid, too, that people would see. The horror of being blamed for making a good man forget his home and his honor was always before me.

home and his henor was always before me.
For I was sure he was good, and over and
over I lifted a weak hand to shut out the
hungry light in his eyes, and said that, if
he would only try, in a little while it would
all pass and his heart would go back where
it belonged. Each time he would answer:
"As long as I live I shall love you."
I got all confused. He said such wonderful things. My head went round till I
could not tell right from wrong. Sometimes when he told me that only if I was times when he told me that only if I was good to him could he remember his congood to him could be remember his con-science and his honor, it seemed as if I should do better by the wife, whom I never forgot, if I was patient and let him love me. He argued, too, that he asked nothing ex-cept to be allowed to love me, and to serve me, and to know I did not hate kim. And me, and to know I did not hate kim. And of course I did not hate him. He laughed at all my little creed of right and wrong till it seemed stupid and narrow beside his older knowledge; yet, even when I could no longer talk against him, I believed in my soul that my right was the best right, and that if I could only help him he would come

But at last I grew afraid. Once after the play I swooned, and came to myself to find Mr. Ned's arms holding me up, and his lips taking my very life from me. I cried weakly that he was cruel, and he answered no, no—that he must wake up my heart—that he loved me, although I did not know what love meant. At that, and at the hunger of his lips, I became dreadfully frightened, and struggled free, holding him at arm's length, and staring scared and horrified to see if I should know him. He seemed to remember himself, and said sullenly that men were only brutes; that he must not forget how much a child I was, nor spoil all by frightening me, and saying so he left me.

I lay weak and dazed. As the things began to blur, I said, clasping my hands and crying a little: "Please, dear God! I know I am not a very good girl; but I don't want to make anyone wicked. Please help me?

We reached Philadelphia. Miss Loowella had returned and I could rest. Mr. Ned took me to a hotel, telephoned for the But at last I grew afraid. Once after the Ned took me to a hotel, telephoned for the doctor and came to my room. He was white and haggard, and his eyes were dull. He stood beside the chair in which I was crumpled, and said hoarsely that he could sconer shoot himself than leave me; that the

time for pretense had passed; that body and soul and all he loved me, and if I did not understand he would teach me.
I tore myself out of his arms and my lips I tore myself out of his arms and my lips from his. In the instant I knew him for what he was. I stood straight on my feet and cried that there was nothing in the whole world so hateful to my sight as he. That ill alone, and at best only a half size woman, I was not afraid of him, and that if he kept in my sight another instant I would choke him.

Somphow he crept out. I remember crying miserably, my arms flung upward, that of all things in the world love was the roost cruel and worst. And then I fell.

CHAPTER V. THE DOCTOR'S TREATMENT. After that I was very ill. The company left me, and Dr. Katesby came every day. He asked if there was any one belonging to me for whom he could send.
"Only Uncle Jeb," said I. "He hates me because I went on the stage, but if the curtain is going to ring down on me it would only be showing him proper atten-

tion to inform him."

I gave my cross old uncle's address. Be ld! Uncle Jeb sent back a check for \$5,000 and a letter telling the doctor not to let me die. "She is a silly child," he wrote, "but her heart is in the right place, except for being set on the stage."

I wept over that letter, and thought it

slowly that I wondered the doctor did not slowly that I wondered the doctor did not loss patience. But he didn't. One afternoon he sat by me a long while, telling me of a girl who had jilted him, and who, he thought, had broken his heart forever. I sat up straight in bed and vowed that of all things love was the unkindest, most unsatisfactory, cruelest, worst in the world. We talked a long time, and he seemed to think as I did. In the end we shook hands and he said: "We will be friends, Miss Katie, forewer."

he said: "We will be friends, Miss Katie, forever."

"Yes," said I, shaking his hand with both of mine, "and I'm awfully grateful to you. Friendship is so nice, and I do want it." Of a sudden I determined to secure matters, and I looked at him as solemnly as I knew how and said: "Promise me sacredly that you will never talk to me any way but this way, never look at me except as you are looking now, and never, never kiss me." He shook hands again, and I went on: "We will be just friends always."

"As long as you like," said he.

"Oh! I shall like it always," I answered. "I never go back on a friend. Friendship is the best thing in the world—the only safe, happy, comfortable thing—isn't it? And we should be very grateful for the happy friendship between us."

we should be very grateful for the happy friendship between us."

He said, "yes," and so it was settled.

As I got well I was perfectly happy. The doctor was always good to me. He was never too busy to let me come into his office.

tor. Mrs. Katesby had kissed me and told me to. I went wondering about, touching things that belonged to him. I had a queer feeling in my heart. I had been so happy, and now to go away, and perhaps never—I heard his key and ran to open the door.

"What, little girl; up?" he said.

"Yes," I answered. "Your mother told me to serve your midnight tea. I don't think you should have midnight tea, but I suppose a doctor knows."

"I suppose so," said he, as I helped him shake off his coat.

I was so quiet at the table that he asked: "Anything the matter?"

"Only—I'm—going to-morrow—you know," I returned, "and you wouldn't believe how strange it makes me feel here," and I rubbed my hand over the pain in my side.

"Your beart?" he asked. and all of a sudden I could not see. He must have observed that I was pouring tea into the sugar bowl, for he called me to him. I thought it troubled him to look up. So I knelt down.
"When you go away," he asked, "will

"Yes," said I.
"Forever?"
"Yes," said I again, in a dull voice.
"Tell me, Katie," he continued, laying a hand on each of my shoulders, "have I tre-ted you as you wished—as I promised?" I nodded, and the tears came up. He looked at me a moment, then said softly: "Friendship is the best thing in the world, the only safe, happy, comfortable thing, isn't it, dear? And we should be very grateful for the happy friendship between us." I nodded so hard that the tears spattered my hands. He stood up quickly: "I am off early to-morrow," he said in a different tone, "and I will say good-by now. Be good in New York: I shall come about the 15th to see you."

He held out his hand. It was just what a friend would do, of course. I put first one

the manager offered a rise for the next sea-son. The 15th was Sunday. He came. I talked like a magpie, and spoke of every-thing but the cousin. When I was talked out he began. He questioned me closely

about the began. He questioned me closely about the theater.

"Oh, yes," said I, "there is a man, of course. He told me last night he was going to shoot himself. I said no he wouldn't—to just take a brandy and soda."

The doctor looked dark. "I will not have you associate with such recole." he said you associate with such people," he said, grinding his teeth.
"What's to be done?" I returned, lightly, adding: "He doesn't bother me much—only when he takes me to lunch and leans over the table to say in a husky stage whisper that he loves me. How men will do such things at lunches? It's so annoying when

"Very much," he answered absently.
Then he asked in a strained way if I thought we could still be friends if either of

Then he asked in a strained way if I thought we could still be friends if either of us married, and in the same breath in formed me that he was going to Europe. My heart had been filling up tighter and tighter. Now it burst. I gave a gasp.

"Are you going to leave me?" I said.

"Katie." he said, feeling his way through the words, "there is nothing else for me to do."

"Don't you care for me at all that you break my heart so?" I cried, pushing my hands hard together, "am I the side of the house that you look at me as if you did not see me? What have I done that you should treat me as if you hated me? I will not have it; I'll go out and drawn myself."

"Katie," said he steadily, remember the promise you compelled me to make.

A great light flashed before my eyes. I stood up and reached out my hands. "Oh," I said, "I see how cruel I have been to people, for now my own heart breaks. You may hurt me as much as you like. I am no coward. Still I will tell you. I know I made you promise to be my friend and never to love me—I know it—and you have kept your word. You are going to marry your cousin and go to Europe; but before you go I will tell you that I love you. It is right I should have to say it so—and for nothing—for I have always been cruel and believed no one—but now I know it can be true. Though my heart breaks I am not afraid, and I say it sgain—I love you—I love you!"

The room went all around, and I began to fall; but a glad cry sounded, and my Doctor's voice was saying: "My brave little girl—my darling—my Kate—you have come to me! and I love you with all my soul, and I have from the first."

There is no more a Katie Tempest, soubrette.

[The end.]

Wilkins-Had any bereavement in your wement, Whofob you ask?
Wilkins—I noticed you had a band of crape on your hat and I did not know but there might have been a loss in your

rather nice to be dying.

One day Dr. Katesby brought his mother, and the next thing I knew I was taken to their home to "get well." I got well so

WHAT more scothing after shaving, or refreshing after a dusty day, than Lavender—but the best, by far, you will find is their home to "get well." I got well so

Some Hints on How the Hair Should be Dressed in Summer.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Every other woman, no matter what her age, wears a turban in town, not more because it is youthful than for its conven-ience. The full trimming of soft, thick ribbon relieves the turban of extreme jauntiness, and it is comfortable to wear a hat that sits close to the head and admits a veil. The flaring brim of the Hading or Directory hat acts as a mainsail to draw the wind, when there is any, and a toque that can be bound down to the head with a yard of grenadine veiling is indispensable. The sailor hat proper is the beauty's hat, and a smooth, satiny-haired brunette with a fresh white reigh straw sailor in its smooth gros grain ribbon band and flat bow takes the eyes up with her up the street. Biondes choose

known.

The great trouble away from home with The great trouble away from home with girls seems to be to heat their curling tongs, without gas in the daytime or any sort of fire in the country boarding-house. I have just had to find for two friends up in the Catskills a cunning contrivance of an alcohol pocket lamp, with a wire support for the curling iron while heating. The whole thing costs 75 cents, shuts in a pasteboard case, is light enough to go by mail and small enough to go in the pocket. I know girls will thank me for "mentioning of it," as country folk say. How to keep the hair in curling order is another thing, and to do this one must keep the natural oil out of the locks, washing the front hair with borax or with a dilution of ammonia, one table-spoonful of ammonia to the quart of water When dry moisten with bandoline and put in crimp till it dries again. Wetting the hair with alcohol in hot weather tends to diminish its dampness, and spraying the temples and top of the head with lavender water from an atomizer, relieves heat and neadache without the drenching by water, which spoils the hair in summer. Hair

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for A NEW YORK CHARACTER.

A NEW YORK CHARACTER.

For the last 15 years whenever a correspondent was short of a subject he turned a paragraph on Miss Middy Morgan, agricultural editor of the Times. My reason for writing of her is not quite the same, but some recollections were brought up by seeing her the other day at her desk on the spacious editorial floor of the new Times building. The grand old girl looks a thought grayer and more gaunt than she used, but I shall always remember her by the splendid symmetrical modeling of her figure in bathing dress years ago. Her neck and arms from the wide sloping shoulders to the finger tips were perfection, and the face above them, in its early days, was a type of blue-eyed, dark-haired, thoroughbred Irish good looks. Well, being in amicable conversation with this authority on grazing once, I innocently asked her to explain to me what was meant by "grade cattle," a phrase frequently used in stock

on grazing once, I innocently asked her to explain to me what was meant by "grade cattle," a phrase frequently used in stock reports. "Oh, its no use," responded the daughter of the Irish rings, tossing her head. "You couldn't understand it if I did explain it." That was rather a taking down, but I like plain speaking far too well to quarrel with its eccentricities, and as I smoe learned without peculiar effort of mind that grade cattle have a definite proportion of pure blood, no harm was done. Two years after I found myself lame, dependent upon a crutch at the Erie depot in Jersey City in charge of a great basket of snephies going up country, and not a soul to help with it. The person who was to meet me had falled to connect, as usual, no boy was about when needed, and those long railway platforms take you almost into the country before you reach the cars. I was moving slowly and painfully along, my crutch under one arm and that 40-pound basket nearly wrenching the other out of the socket, when a strong hand swung the burden from my grasp, and that tall, easy figure of a demi-goddess in an old waterproof dress glided by my side with it, as if carrying heavy baskets were the most natural thing in life. She did not let go of it till we were safely cared for, talking kindly and genially all the way, and that was the last I saw of her for many a day. How many times since in dreamathat strong kind arm has come, relieving my strain and weakness like the sweep of some ready angel in working garb. How many women could help another so or would do it if they could.

Answers to inquiries.

ANSWERS TO INOUTRIES

ribbon band and flat bow takes the eyes up with her up the street. Blondes choose black, glossy rough straw, with black silveredged ribbon, while the high-crowned sailor hat, with broad bows of many loops set airily on the crown, and folded band lose their juvenility, and take the place of English walking hats or Alpine hats altogether. The newest turbans are colored braids of whole straw, like braided rushes, in pale green, gobelin blue and old pink to suit costumes, and the price of this stylish simplicity and tee price of this stylish simplicity is more allowed by the price of the straw, like braided rushes, in pale green, gobelin blue and old pink to suit costumes, and the price of this stylish simplicity is more less than \$20, at the private modistes, where alone they are found.

THE COST OF BEING FASHIONABLE.

It costs a trifle to dress in the front of fashion, when Redfern's plainest gowns begin as sheep at \$25. But London ladder is cheep a with yellow flowers in racemes.
68, 43, 69, 114, 111, 59-5, 36, 91, is a species of

ribbons, and white Shangha idea of ribbons, and white Shangha idea is the Shangha it is fashionable. But pongee is paintuly sit is fashionable. But pongee is paintuly at the control of the state of th

SHIRLEY DARK They Had Mot Before Burlington Free Press.1 Miss Sweetlip-Algy, dear, I have got

listressing piece of news for you. Pa has

Algernon Tightfit-Where did him?
Miss Sweetlip—Of Mr. Brown.
Algernon Tightfit—Oh, I'm not afraid.
(Sotto voice—I made friends with that dog when I was courting Amanda Brown!)

gone and bought a large dog.

This term is often applied to per nerves are abnormally sensitive. The strengthen them with Hostetter's Hitters. After a course of that her they will cease to be conscious that